

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy
thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of God.—James Freeman Clarke.

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"INDIVIDUALS AS BROADCASTING STATIONS"

*Give and it shall be given unto you, good
measure, pressed down and shaken together,
and running over shall men give into your
bosom. For with the same measure that ye
mete withal it shall be measured to you again.*
St. Luke 6:38.

The teachings of the Christian Faith are largely concerned with man's inner-life; with thoughts deeper than words, feelings deeper than thoughts; with motives, desires and purposes that determine conduct; with realities and relationships deeper than conduct, feelings, thoughts and words,—with overlapping realities and relationships that say the final word in the Universe.

To the prophet of Nazareth a man found God and Heaven, here and now, for himself and others when goodness and love ruled supreme in his inner-life and became the driving force in all his words, thoughts, feelings, desires, conduct and faith. To him the life of love was God's highest revelation of Himself in the life of man; accordingly, this superior kind of life was the best life a man could possibly live in his own person, in the presence of his God and in association with his fellow-men.

This was the abundant life man needed to have more abundantly. It was the life that bowed down in deep humility, reverence and gratitude to the Infinite Giver of every good and perfect gift. It was the life made free, strong, brave and glad by its obedience to a higher will and wisdom than its own. It was the asking, seeking, believing, loving and serving life. It was a life conscious of having received so much from God and from His manifestations in Nature and His presence in

the lives of men and women and little children that it was impelled to go forth to help and bless other lives as it had been blessed and helped: It was to become, as it were, a kind of miniature Broadcasting Station for radiating and spreading, without money and without price, love, goodness, truth, beauty and joy in all directions.

Christ believed and taught that we are bound together by the sacred and tender and indissoluble ties of kinship to God and kinship to each other, as children of the larger life. St. Paul caught up the glad refrain in what he said about our being members one of another and if one suffers or is honored all suffer or are honored. Thus it comes about that these spiritual realities and relationships help to explain those strange and mysterious and powerful influences that pass, oh so quietly and constantly, from one life into the life of another.

These invisible influences are fashioned and brought into working order by what you and I are all the time thinking and saying and doing and believing and longing and striving to become. Influences that are as invisible arrows taken from invisible quivers and shot forth into the Social Order, to wound or make whole, to carry in their flight joy or sorrow, pain or pleasure. Some influences are like arrows dipped in poison. They are more like the cry of a discontented mind, the snarl of angry passions, or the wail of a despairing spirit than they are like the symphonic tones of faith, hope, love and goodwill. Other influences are like arrows dipped in the morning sunlight and bathed in the evening dew. They are like the song, breathed into the air, that was found again, from beginning to end, in the heart of a friend.

It has been wisely said that, "You are the master of the unspoken word, but that the spoken word is your master." Is it not true likewise that we are the masters of the unreleased influence but that the released influence is our master? For just a brief moment these invisible arrows of influence are within our keeping and within our control and our shaping power, but once they have gone forth from our inner laboratory of life, to wound or to make whole, all the king's chariots or a whole fleet of air-ships can never overtake them in their flight. The truly grand and glorious and christian thing to do is to set to work to fashion, in the laboratory of our inner life and by the aid of its divine chemistry, the kind of arrows that carry in their flight a song of love and happiness and faith.

Ought we not to ask ourselves, in all truth and sincerity, if there are any greater influences at work in the life of mankind than those originating in a kindly attitude and feeling and spirit toward everybody, yes, toward everybody everywhere? How true it is that in such influences we are broadcasting nothing that is harmful to anybody anywhere, but only what is true, beautiful, lovely and of good report. Consequently, nothing harmful but everything helpful returns to bless and enrich and inspire and make glad our own individual lives. Also, whatever we broadcast that is true will remain after we are gone to enlarge and bless the life of our common humanity.

Thus it would appear that each individual life is in itself a complete Broadcasting Station for both sending and receiving messages and influences and that we all are constantly sending into the lives of others and receiving into our own messages and influences that are either depressing or life-giving; they should never be anything but life-giving.

These influences are as real as anything we receive through our radios or in other ways. It is becoming more and more necessary for broadcasting companies to exercise a selective choice in what is sent out from their studios; it is becoming more and more necessary for those who listen in to exercise a selective choice as to what they spend their valuable time in listening to; likewise, it is becoming more and more necessary for all of us, who are constantly sending forth and receiving influences, to exercise a selective choice as to what we send into the lives of others and what we allow to come into and affect our own; if we do not like jazz enter-

tainment we can shut off the radio and we can close our minds to jazz influences, if we so desire.

How fascinating and stimulating and inspiring is the belief that as we are consciously carrying on a commerce in material commodities we are likewise all the time unconsciously carrying on a commerce in spiritual commodities, and that our traffic in influences is as essential to our permanent well being and happiness as is our traffic in the things we buy with money and with a price, over the counter and in other ways.

As it is absolutely essential for the merchant to keep in touch with the great material sources of supply in order to do business, year in and year out, it is as essential for us to keep in communication, from Sunday to Sunday and from year to year, with the infinite sources of life and power and divine reality. If we do not find access to these sources through prayer, the quiet meditation, the upward look and the service of worship it is doubtful whether we can find it anywhere else in all the world; and the worst thing that can happen to an individual, according to Christ and confirmed by our own experiences, is spiritual blindness that leads straight to spiritual bankruptcy. Christ was the princely merchant who kept in touch with the infinite sources of spiritual commodities and carried on a spiritual commerce with the Giver of all good. He has left directions, admonitions and a great example for us to go and do likewise.

After all, the world of humanity is much like the famous Echo Valley in Switzerland. It is said that Louis Agassiz, when ten years old, was taken by his mother to this valley. Louis had never even heard such an echo and his mother explained to him that for a man there was an old man of the mountain and that for a boy there was a boy there who would answer if spoken to.

So the little chap lifted up his voice and called out, "Who are you?" And the boy of the mountain promptly answered, "Who are you?" Astonished and irritated by the reply Louis cried out, "I don't like you." And straightway the answer came back, "I don't like you." The strangeness of it all was too much for him and his lips began to quiver and his eyes to fill with tears, and he said to his mother, "I don't like the boy of the mountain."

Then his mother told him more about the echo and explained that if he sent harsh words to the boy of the mountain back they

would come to him, but if he sent kind words, back would come the greeting of friendship, and she bade him try again. In a different tone of voice Louis called, "Hello, you boy of the mountain," and back came the words re-echoing the kindly tone in which they were spoken. Delighted, he then called in a loud, clear voice, "I like you," to be rewarded with the gracious response, "I like you." Then he shouted in joy, "I will show you my treasures," to receive the happy reply, "I will show you my treasures." This, said the mother, is the law. Give kindness and kindness comes back to you. Give disobedience and hatred and back comes something hard and bitter into your life.

"Then give to the world the best you have, And the best will come back to you."

"Be noble! And the nobleness that lies

In other men, sleeping, but never dead,

Will rise in silent majesty to meet thine own."

"Give, and it shall be given unto you, Good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again." —*Rev. Frederic W. Smith.*

LEAVE IT TO GOD

Does the path seem rough and steep?

Leave it to God.

Do you sow, but fail to reap?

Leave it to God.

Yield to Him your human will,

Listen childlike and be still,

Know that Love your mind can fill,

Leave it to God.

Is your life an uphill fight?

Leave it to God.

Do you struggle for the right?

Leave it to God.

Though the day be drear and long

Sorrow will give place to song,

Good must triumph over wrong,

Leave it to God.

If in doubt just what to do,

Leave it to God.

He will make it plain to you,

Leave it to God.

Serve Him faithfully today,

He will guide you all the way,

Simply trust Him, watch and pray,

Leave it to God.

—*Grenville Kleiser.*

GARDEN GOSSIP

The bulbs that were placed in the cellar should be looked at frequently and if dry should be given a drink; for drying out is harmful to the root growth. Those outside will be taken care of by the fine showers we have had.

Bulbs indoors will most likely require about two months to make good roots, in the dark of cellar or basement.

Single early tulips are the most satisfactory, of this class of bulbs to plant, although the double Murillo, and other doubles are easy but Breeders and Darwins are best raised in the greenhouse as they are rather difficult for us amateurs.

The single Campernelle narcissus, *Adorus regulosus* is rather lovely indoors, and comes as easily as other sorts.

Hepaticas may be purchased now, from dealers in wild flowers, placed in pots in soil, immersed in a frame, allowed to freeze, and brought indoors, when we have one of those January or February thaws.

Blood-roots are lovely indoors if treated thus, and some people take up roots of bleeding-heart for indoor beauty.

Young seedling petunias and sweet alyssum often make pleasing plants indoors. If English Ivy is running wild you might take cuttings of this indoors to use on a mantel end.

(*Mary F. Colburn*, Worker, Massachusetts Committee, Better Homes in America.)

GROWING COLEUSES FROM CUTTINGS

Coleuses are grown for their lovely foliage, and are equally handsome when displayed in the garden in summer and when planted in window-boxes or in pots when winter comes. They are so easy to handle that sprays may be cut off and kept for weeks in water alone. Garden-makers who have plants growing outside now can easily root cuttings, which will make good plants for winter. It is only necessary to insert these cuttings in light soil in pots or even in a corner of the garden, keeping them fairly moist. They will make plants large enough to handle by the time cold weather comes. Even small plants can be cut back and taken into the house in fall, but new plants are better.—*Clipped.*

If you want to be continuously happy you must know when to be blind, when to be deaf, and when to be dumb.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When writing to the Exchange for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. I had a request printed in the Cheerful Letter magazine a few years ago and I want to thank each friend that sent me cheer. My husband has been in the hospital for three weeks and I do not know when he will be able to come home. We have his invalid father and mother, 76 and 77 years old, to care for, and I haven't been very well the past year; confined at home all the time. I would be so glad if some one would send me a good magazine or some quilt pieces to help pass the lonely hours during the cold weather. I hope I may hear from some friend soon. Mrs. M. E. Eller, Silas Creek, N. C.

2. I am a girl 16 years of age. My mother is dead and I keep house for my father; and a brother, 12, and sister 4. Brother goes to school and father is out working all day so I get very lonesome, just me and little sister. I would appreciate some quilt scraps, reading and bits of embroidery and some picture cards for my little sister. We have had four bad years and it is impossible to buy any sewing or reading. I wish to thank the one

who sends me the Cheerful Letter magazine and also send thanks for past cheer. Miss Verla Merrifield, Route 4, Box 4, Chillicothe, Tex.

3. Mrs. Katie Merritt, Water St., Martinsville, Va., would love to hear from the Cheerful Letter friends as she is afflicted with rheumatism and cannot get out during the winter months. She would appreciate anything sent her and also hopes that her girl, aged 13, will be remembered.

4. This is to let you know that we have changed our address from Oshoto to Moorcroft as the stage comes by our place now and we put up a mail box and the carrier leaves our mail as he goes to Oshoto. I also would like to have my thanks printed in the paper for all the reading sent to my children and would like to be remembered this winter. I enjoy the letters and packages sent to me so much and always pass on to others the reading when we have finished with it. I would like quilt pieces, some old stockings for rugs and good reading. My children are David, 9 years old, Margaret 7 and Rita Merle 5½. Times are very hard here now

as no crops raised from lack of rain. Mrs. Blanche Thompson, Moorcroft, Oshoto Route, Wyo.

5. Mrs. Lillie Smith, Rupert, Ark., wishes to thank all who have remembered her in any way. There were no addresses on the packages so she was unable to acknowledge them herself. She hopes to be remembered this winter with any kind of cheer.

6. I just want to write a few lines, as I feel so blue and lonely, and thank you good people for the past cheer. May God bless you all. I am not able to do very much but would enjoy some quilt pieces, embroidery or knitting. It is impossible for us to get anything like that. I have three little grandchildren, one girl, aged 6, a boy, aged 5, and a baby, a year and a half old. Their mother and I will appreciate any cheer that is sent. Mrs. Florence Bryant, Bassetts, Va.

7. Mrs. Bessie Coppinger, Tellico Plains, Tenn., writes that it has been quite a bit since she has heard from any of the Cheerful Letter friends. She used to be Bessie Saunders. Now she has a little boy two and a half years old. Mrs. Coppinger would be glad if some one would send her pieces for patchwork and pictures and toys for her baby. She hopes she hasn't asked for too much.

8. I can hardly keep house without the Cheerful Letter magazine so I am sending the only money I can spare for reading matter for "The Cheerful Letter." It is certainly a benefit to all my family. We have worked hard for the past two years and the drought has consumed all our labor. We will not make enough to pay half the cost of making the crops. If some of the friends are more fortunate than we, I would appreciate any good reading matter, quilt scraps, or thread. I especially enjoy reading "The Literary Digest." I thank all who have helped me over hard ruts in the past. Mrs. H. T. West, Route 6, Cumming, Ga.

9. Mrs. Hazel Watson, Rupert, Ark., would be glad of some good reading and sewing. School is out and the winter days are long and dreary for ones in out of the way places. She has not been to church four times in over a year. Her father is 85 years old and would be very thankful for some old copies of "The National Geographic Magazine." The children are girls, 16 and 1 year; boys, aged 8 and 10. She hopes someone will send something to amuse them.

10. I am not in good health and in an awful hard place. One of my sons has just married and one of my daughters has just

married and gone to Pennsylvania to make a new home. There are two children here with me; two girls 16 and 20 years. We get very lonesome these bad days. Some cheer of any kind would be appreciated, especially sewing material and reading. May God bless you in the good work you are doing. Mrs. Lydia E. Farmer, Route 1, Box 50, Rugby, Va.

11. I want to thank you for the Cheerful Letter Magazine and tell you how much it cheers me every month. I am a lonely widow, 66 years old, and can't get out very much. I would like some religious literature and any kind of quilt scraps. Perhaps someone would send me some embroidery thread. Thanking you all so much for everything that you did last year, I am, Mrs. S. A. Gaines, 208 Geneva, Muskogee, Okla.

12. Mrs. G. R. Adams, Lansing, N. C., says it has been a long time since she received any cheer from the dear Cheerful Letter friends, so she thought she would write again and ask to be remembered during the long winter days. She would like some good reading and pieces for her quilts.

13. I wonder if you could print a few words for me in the Cheerful Letter Magazine asking some one to please send me the "True Story" and "True Romances" magazines; also "McCall's" or any 1932 magazine, as I am not able to buy any kind. I will be glad when Christmas is past. We have five children and they are expecting Santa Claus and we cannot afford to get them much of anything. You don't know how it makes my heart ache to see them so wishful and I can't do anything because our crops were short this time on account of dry weather. We hardly made enough to pay for fertilizer and expense for making so there isn't anything much for food and clothes much less magazines and Christmas things. You are doing a wonderful work and I am sure God will bless you. No one that has never been lonely and cannot go about any and not able to buy anything for amusement can imagine the joy that books and magazines give to lonesome people. Mrs. J. M. Adamson, Route 3, Bowdon, Ga.

14. Mrs. W. B. Thompson, Unionville, Pa., would like some silk scraps and bits of lace. Her daughter could use some yarn and both would enjoy good reading.

15. I am writing you for help. My husband has appendicitis and his father lives with us and he is real old, paralyzed in one hand and can hardly walk. We have three

children, ages 11, 9 and 7. We would appreciate reading and scraps of material. Times are real hard here for us. Mrs. A. W. Coffman, 2207 Farleigh St., East Chattanooga, Tenn.

16. Just a few lines to thank all those who have sent me cheer in the past. Hope they haven't forgotten me. I have changed my name since I have written to the Cheerful Letter; from Mrs. Laura Pennington to Mrs. Laura Spencer. I would be glad of any cheer you wish to send us as the man I married has six children. Wishing you all a bright New Year, I am, truly yours, Mrs. Laura Spencer, Sturgills, N. C.

17. Misses Olie Pendleton, age 13, and Geneva Pendleton, age 11, will appreciate a copy of "Little Women" by Louisa M. Alcott, and other suitable reading material. McCoy Foley, age 13, will be glad of suitable reading matter for a boy of his age and would like to receive a copy of "The Little Lame Prince" and "The Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales" by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Their address is Elamsville, Va.

18. Just a few words to let you know I am still thinking of my Cheerful Letter friends. One lady from California sent me some papers for young people and I lost her address so could not thank her. I was wondering if I might ask for a good book or magazine, as I would be glad of something good to read. Mrs. N. L. Gillis, Stovall, N. C.

19. Mrs. Alice Hoppes, Long Island, Kan., asks for copies of Popular Science magazine. Her boys would enjoy them so much and would pass them on.

20. Mrs. Bonnie Walker, Clayton, Ga., a teacher in a country school, asks for current magazines interesting to pupils up to the age of 16, and for herself any magazine interesting and helpful to teachers. Quilt pieces and sewing materials would also be very welcome.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Blanche Thompson, from Oshoto, Wyo., to Moorcroft, Oshoto Route, Wyo.

A young man once approached Mr. J. P. Morgan with an eager light in his eyes:

"Mr. Morgan," he cried, "I've just come into some money. How much does it cost to own a yacht?"

Morgan nodded sagely.

"If you ask," he murmured, "you can't afford it."

A WATCHER OF STORMS AND CALMS

When the "boys in blue" marched away to Southern battlefields at the beginning of the Civil War in 1861, Mr. Isaac Small was engaged in reporting the weather from a little grey cottage on the tip of Cape Cod. Today, with 1930 just beginning, he is still on the job, after sixty-nine years of continual service as the oldest marine recording agent in the world. He has weathered more gales, assisted in more rescues, seen more shipwrecks, counted more steamers, sent more weather reports, and spied through more telescopes than many another man, and from his lonesome post he has seen unbelievable changes in the ships and steamers that he logged. Square riggers with acres of white canvas gleaming in the morning sun, trim coastwise schooners, combination steam and sail packets, huge grey battle wagons, sleek ocean greyhounds, have all been sighted and duly recorded in his thumb-marked log. Out of the morning mist, high in the foggy heavens he saw the "Spirit of St. Louis" winging its way to fame. Out of the blackness of a winter's night he saw the rescue fleet at work on the S-4 in Provincetown Harbor.

The history of the marine recording station at Truro goes back to 1853, when the merchants of Boston, desiring to obtain rapid and frequent reports concerning the movements of their ships along the Cape Cod shores, established a telegraph line from Boston to the tip end of the Cape. Here on the wind-swept bluffs, a stone's throw from Highland Light, the station was erected and equipped with signal flags, books, ledgers, logs, and powerful glasses and telescopes. An operator was placed in charge whose duty it was to watch the sea from the first streak of dawn till after sunset, and to obtain as far as possible the name and description of every ship that passed the Cape. He telegraphed to the Boston office of the Chamber of Commerce, where it was at once registered on the blackboards and recorded in the books for the information of ship-owners and subscribers.

It would take volumes to tell of the changes that have taken place in sixty years concerning the class of vessels and the methods of transportation, but the man who has personally recorded the passing of thousands upon thousands of steamers and sailing vessels of every description is too busy with his manifold duties to talk about these changes.

He stands today, binoculars in hand, in a gray tweed suit and cap, a slight but erect and picturesque figure in front of his little shack.

"Just what are your duties, Mr. Small?" I asked.

Sweeping the horizon where a smudge of smoke trailed in the haze, he turned to me and smiled.

"My duties begin as soon as it is light enough to distinguish the rig of a vessel two miles away and my day's work is finished when the sun sets. Every half hour throughout every day of the year, we call the Boston office and report by telegraph or telephone every scrap of marine intelligence which has come under our observation during the previous thirty minutes."

"How far away can you read the ship's name?"

"In clear weather, four miles from shore."

"Any duties at night?"

Mr. Small turned his weather-beaten face, lighted by a pair of keen eyes that continually sparkle, toward me and said slowly, "My boy, we are expected to forward every bit of information that we can get at any hour of the day or night. And as most of the shipwrecks occur after dark, this makes our job all the more difficult."

Of the hundred or more major disasters that Mr. Small has witnessed or had a part in, the great blizzard of '98 stands out vividly in his memory.

"I suppose no other storm in the history of this country," he says, "has taken a greater toll of life or caused more comment than that two-day Thanksgiving week hurricane that swept the coast of New England."

Mr. Small led me into the little living room of his Cape Cod cottage that adjoins the signal station and told the story, repeated time without number, of the ill-fated *Portland*. To this day the memory of that night still affects him. Moisture gathered in his eyes and his lips trembled as he described the storm.

Pointing out of the window to the broad expanse of blue water that lay sixty feet below the cliff, he said: "My boy, for three solid days after that gale not a patch of blue water was visible for miles. As far as we could see nothing but boiling froth and foam tumbled in from the North Atlantic. The roaring seas, whipped by the hurricane into sheets of spume and spray, thundered against this cliff till this very house was shaken on its

foundation."

He opened the door of the cottage and beckoned me outside and, pointing to the tiny-paned windows in the second story, he went on: "Every pane of glass in this house was blown in. The force of the hurricane was estimated at more than one hundred miles an hour. Before our instruments were blown away they had recorded a wind velocity of eighty-five miles an hour, and shortly afterward the flagpole, rigging, instruments and even the shingles were ripped from the roof, never to be seen again."

Indicating Highland Light a few rods away, he said: "I tried to get over to the light, but in the face of that gale it was impossible to walk or even crawl from one house to another. No one will ever know the exact fate of that steamer that went down out there. Not one of her one hundred and seventy-five passengers and crew survived the disaster. And the loss of the *Portland* was only one of the disasters in that awful hurricane that took more than five hundred human lives before the storm had passed."

We went back into the comfortable living-room of the signal station, a room bright with brilliant souvenirs of the sea, booklets, postal cards, and gaily tinted pictures of Highland Light and scenes along the Cape. For besides keeping the signal station, Mr. Small maintains this little store for the convenience of the tourists who find themselves miles from the nearest shop or restaurant. Over a homemade roast beef sandwich and cup of coffee, I listened to this wiry little man as he related the story of the loss of the big ship *Asia*.

"That was one of the saddest sights I ever saw," said Small, picking up a telescope and stepping to the window. "The *Asia* was a big ship bound from Manila to Boston with a heavy cargo of East Indian goods. Just off Nantucket, she ran into a terrific storm and her keel grounded on one of the outlying shoals. Mountainous seas poured over her decks and the terrific battering of the surf slowly pounded her to pieces.

"The Captain's name was Dakin and he had his wife and little daughter with him besides a crew of twenty-three. In less than an hour from the time she struck she was a total wreck, dismasted and broken in two. In a moment of desperation the mate grabbed Captain Dakin's little daughter and with a piece of rope bound the little girl to him. He lashed himself and the little girl to a floating spar hoping to reach the mainland. Captain

Dakin lashed his wife and himself to a big piece of wreckage just as a giant wave smashed onto the deck sweeping them into the angry sea where they drowned instantly.

"Three of the sailors out of the whole crew of twenty-six clung to the superstructure, which remained afloat for three days, and they were rescued more dead than alive after drifting about in Vineyard Sound. The bodies of Dakin and his wife were never recovered and only two of the other twenty men came ashore. The body of the mate with his arms locked around the Captain's daughter was found a few days later floating in the surf far down the coast. Both had been frozen to death."

As Mr. Small related these experiences, it was evident that he lived them over as vividly as in the days when he was an eye witness to most of them.

To the casual visitor who picnics along the shore at Highland Light beneath smiling skies and sparkling seas, it seems incredible that such a terrific toll of life has been taken along this sandy, smiling beach.

"What was the biggest shipwreck that you remember?"

"Why, I should say," he said, running his fingers through his long hair, "the *Thomas W. Lawson*. She was a seven-master, you know, and was one of the biggest sailing vessels ever lost at sea."

"Believe me it was some sight to see her standing out against the horizon on a clear day with all sails set and clipping out the miles at a great rate. She was a steel steamer 368 feet long, had a 50-foot beam and 35-foot depth of hold. She had a 10,000 ton displacement and was the largest of this class ever constructed."

"When was she wrecked?" I queried.

"Let me see," said Small, who remembers all of these dates and days in a most miraculous manner, "why I think the *Lawson* sailed from the Delaware Breakwater on the second of December, 1907. She was loaded with gas-oil for some port in France and had a crew of nineteen officers and men. She was driven on the rocks a short distance from the Scilly Islands on Friday, the thirteenth, December, 1907. The vessel was a total wreck and seventeen men perished."

In recent years, Mr. Small has been an eye witness to not only old-time shipwrecks and sailing vessels, but also innumerable crashes in the fog and grounding of steamships on the treacherous sand bar, as well as the two submarine disasters that stirred the whole

country.

One of the most recent disasters was the collision of the *President Wilson*, a huge ocean liner returning from a trip around the world, heavily loaded with freight from Europe and the Far East and the fishing schooner *Avalon*, out from Gloucester and bound for the fishing banks.

"At four o'clock in the morning, the *President Wilson* had reached a point four miles east of Highland Light when out of the thick fog not 100 yards ahead and directly in the steamer's path loomed the outline of the fishing smack. The great liner, towering many feet above the little schooner, had no chance to swing clear of the fishing boat and amid the clanging of bells, blasts of whistles and the shouts and screams of the men they came together with a grinding crash.

"The momentum of the huge liner carried her right over on top of the *Avalon*, cutting her in two and sending her to the bottom with all of her crew who were imprisoned in their cabins.

"Three men who were on the deck of the *Avalon* jumped overboard and were later picked up by boats that were promptly lowered from the *President Wilson*. For hours life boats patrolled the sea, groping through the fog looking for survivors but none were ever found."

"Don't you get lonesome on this job?"

"No," said Small, "I can't say as I do. When you have been in one place on the same job for almost seventy years you get used to it by that time and then too, there is always something different."

We were interrupted by the jangle of the old-fashioned telephone and Mr. Small hurried away to tell the Chamber of Commerce that a tug with four lime barges had just been sighted from Maine and to tell a well-known business man in Boston that his much expected schooner had not yet put in an appearance.

—Alton H. Blackington
in *Boston Transcript*

Thank God, the stars are set beyond my power

If I must travail in a night of wrath.

Thank God, my tears will never vex a moth,
Nor any curse of mine cut down a flower.

Men say the sun was darkened; yet I had
Thoughts it beat brightly even on Calvary;
And he that hung upon the torturing tree
Heard all the crickets singing, and was glad.

—G. K. Chesterton.

PRINCESS SPOTTED ELK

To bring a message of sympathy and understanding to those of her race, Princess Spotted Elk, a Penobscot Indian girl, has delved into the traditions, customs and dances of all Indian tribes to be found on the east coast of the United States, and is said to bear the unusual distinction of being the only Indian woman anthropologist in this country.

Spotted Elk, whose Indian name is Nee burban, meaning in Indian, Northern Lights, hails from Old Town, Maine, where as she herself said to a representative of *The Christian Science Monitor*, "I was brought up as a boy. I learned all about the woods, and the weather, and early became interested in tracing the Indian legends and connecting them with Indian politics. I attended the Indian Island School, and the high school at Old Town, from which I proceeded to the University of Pennsylvania, where together with my anthropological course, I studied journalism. There the great opportunity of my life came, for Professor Speck and Professor Hallowell took me with them on their expeditions into North and South Carolina, Virginia, Delaware and Maryland, where we not only dug up bits of ancient pottery, but found many undiscovered legends, were shown almost unknown tribal dances and learned many hitherto unknown historical facts. In Virginia, I found it most interesting, for there I learned that there had been intermarriage between the Moors and the Indians. There is a distinct trace of the Basque and Spanish influence. We found lost Indian languages, and from some of the old men who remembered a few things, gained a knowledge of inestimable value."

Spotted Elk was extremely interested during her visits to these reservations along the Atlantic coast, in the headdresses of both the men and women, which, she stated were entirely different from any she had known of or seen. "I noticed," she said, "that each tribe wore its hair in a different way. The children wore it loose; the boys, cut and shaved; while some added different feathers, reeds, fur pieces, trinkets, shells and sometimes stones. In some cases, the men wore their hair braided on the left side, while others preferred the right. On one reservation certain of the Indian men wore as many as from 14 to 17 braids during the ceremonies. Our travels took us from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico and from the coast to the eastern shores of the Mississippi.

"Some day I hope to put some of these facts into book form, and I hope, too, to be able to do something for my own people."

Spotted Elk has already put some of these field experiences into magazine articles, which she has written under a nom de plume, and has lectured on her experiences to classes at the University of Pennsylvania. What she calls "busy making a livelihood" is another interesting story. Those who saw the Indian epic motion picture, "The Silent Enemy," which has been indorsed by the Daughters of the American Revolution, will remember the character of Neewa, the Indian maiden. This part was portrayed by Spotted Elk. In the year and a half devoted to taking this picture in Ontario, the young Indian girl together with her companion were the only women in the company. She was the first woman to go and the last to leave. She is also giving a series of the dances of various tribes, many of which she picked up during her anthropological expeditions.

"I have evolved these Indian dances," the Princess went on, "from those of my own tribe and those of the Comanche, Kiowa and Osage Indians. During a summer spent in Oklahoma and Texas, I learned these dances by attending powwows. I try to bring a new concept of the Indian dance into my work. People have an idea that an Indian dance stands for a leap across the floor and getting wild to any kind of music. In reality, it is born from a purpose. It is an idea, and is usually derived from a ceremony in the tribal life. For instance, one dance which I love to do more than any other is the 'Harvest Corn Dance of the Maidens.' Here we have the representation of new life. The planting, growing, caring for and harvesting of the new corn. The corn sways in the breeze. You see it as we represent it in the dance, and natural life is represented as we gather it. This is just one simple dance which portrays the Indian thought of beauty and harmony, and I feel that only an Indian can depict the true thought of her people."

—Teresa Rose Nagel
in *Christian Science Monitor*.

There is a garden bright and fair,
A garden fair to see,
But I have called it friendship's way
For it lies in the heart of me.
And in this fair and lovely spot,
There grows a flowerlet blue.
Some may call it for-get-me-not,
But I have named it you.

PROSPERITY TALKS THROUGH ITS HAT

They may laugh at the new hats the women are wearing, but "one cannot laugh off the impetus these styles have given to a score of industries."

In fact, continues Alice Hughes in her column in the New York *World-Telegram*, "instead of sneering at Eugenie, the milliners look upon her as a savior." And it is not the milliners only, to judge from what this writer goes on to say, not by a long shot:

The Retail Millinery Association informs us that gold now courses through the veins of the trade where formerly only red ink flowed.

To begin with, the Danbury, Connecticut, hat factories, whose wheels had slowed down to snail's pace, suddenly whirled into demon speed—due to Eugenie—and have operated on a 24-hour-a-day schedule since August. In that month the highest pay-roll ever recorded by these hatters was paid out—\$1,000,000.

Millinery labor throughout the country has increased by 25 per cent, dyers are 30 per cent busier since July, when the Eugenie elegancies first flared up. Hat label makers' work has increased by 75 per cent.

Feather dealers are writing 30 per cent more business on their books; so are the makers of ready-to-wear hats and also those who make hat-boxes. Fur felt body dealers are speeding ahead with a 70 per cent increase. Blockers are blocking 40 per cent more hats.

Hair net people are more than 30 per cent ahead and stores' retail millinery sales are from 10 per cent and upward greater than last year at this time. —*Literary Digest*.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE

For the beginnings of Bible influence we must go a great way back. Close on a thousand years before 1611, to the seventh century. Close on a thousand years earlier, in Saxon times, a poetic version of the Scriptures had been made by Caedmon. "He sang," says the Venerable Bede, the great Northumbrian scholar and saint, "He sang of the creation of the world, of the origin of man, of the whole history of Genesis, from the Exodus of Israel to the possession of the promised land, and of most of the histories of the Holy Scriptures." . . .

Twelve hundred years ago the Bible began to whisper in English ears, to mould the

nation's thought, and direct its early days. It became the life-blood of generation after generation, which had little or no other mental food: it continued to provide the poetry and romance, the human interests which neither youth nor age can resist, it opened a wonderland of legend and biography and adventure. In itself a whole library, it gave not merely instruction and education, it gave sheer happiness to a degree that we, in an age surging with books, can but dimly imagine. It was the people's story-book.—*Professor W. Macneile Dixon, in The Englishman*.

"We conform to the dictates of social usage in our religion. We are not born again by our religion. It is an exceedingly dangerous thing for a man to toy with a dynamic power. Religion is a dynamic power in life, but how we misuse that power! By our misuse of religion we dull all our sense of true appreciation of it. If we let religion in its vital, compelling power exert itself, we would find that we had let loose a dangerous energy in the midst of our complacency and our indifference. We would always have a divine discontent with things as they are; nothing but the best would satisfy us. The religion of Jesus Christ is a religion of divine discontent with things as they are, a religion of eternal aspiration for that which is the best in every realm of life. A religion that does not grow in power and in concept is scarcely worth having. The man who does not have a deeper view of his faith, who has not received fresh evidences of its value, deeper insights into its truth, enlarging vistas of its ultimate meaning in life, has been basking in the dim reflection of religion, not turning the furrows in glowing experience. He has left the plow in the field while he has reclined in the shade of some tree, and therefore he is unworthy to know the riches of the kingdom of God. It is the man plowing who finds the pearl of great price. Here is the dynamic of the Christian religion. It asks a man to give all that he is and has, and when a man has given all that he is and has, then, lo, there flows back to him a stream of life that is laden with the deepest riches from the treasury of God. Even the cross on Calvary cannot stem that flow of life for it conquers death itself." (Rev. Robert G. Armstrong, Pittsfield, preaching in Faith Congregational Church, Springfield.)

THE CHEERFUL LETTER
A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

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GRANDMA'S VALENTINE

When I go up to Grandma's room
She shows me all her treasures,
Some old, old flowers, that in their bloom
Had given her such pleasures.

There are many boxes full of things
Like jewelry and lovely lace,
But can you guess what always brings
A happy look into her face?

It's just a faded Valentine,
And must be lifted up just so,
For Grandpa made this one so fine,
O, many, many years ago.

And underneath that red, red heart
Were words for Grandma dear,
But long ago they played their part,
And Grandpa rhymed it too, I hear.

"If all the girls in all the world
Were mine to pick and choose,

You still would be the one I love
And hope to never lose."

Then Grandma in sweet reveries
Of happy days long past
Is in a world of memories,
And says, "time goes so fast."

—Polly Perkins.

(Courtesy of The Beacon)

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE
Look before you leap.

TO THE CHILDREN OF ALL NATIONS

George Washington was a general in a Revolutionary Army, but this is what he said:

"My first wish is to see the whole world in peace and the inhabitants as one band of brothers, striving who should contribute most to the happiness of mankind."

This should be the first wish of humanity and of common sense alike. Wisdom and reason can ask no more, but they should ask no less. Millions left on battlefields, thousands crippled and broken, towns ruined, homes gone, the depths of suffering endured—is this wisdom or reason? There is no greater conceivable wisdom for nations than the outlawry of war. Without it trade and production and science and civilization may become nothing. Peace is not impossible in your lifetime. Everything is a thought first. Trade was a thought before it was trade. The outlawry of war is a thought yet. The men and women of tomorrow will make that thought their reality. For all human beings are bound together by ties which the nations must cease to break. The people are met together on earth for their world work, which war must cease to interrupt. The basic business of life is to conserve life and to promote growth. Life is an exercise in the improvement of human relationship.

—Zona Gale in *Unity*.

Today's the biggest thing that's living;

The days gone by no passions stir;

It's to today we should be giving

Gifts of frankincense and myrrh.

Yesterday we had to borrow

from the sunshine stored away;

It may rain again tomorrow

Or be gray—but say

It's fine today. —Trotty Veck.

EDISON'S WORK

Speaking over the body of Caesar his friend Mark Antony (according to Shakespeare) bitterly remarked: "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is often interred with their bones." Possibly true, but the good accomplished by Thomas A. Edison cannot be hidden under a bushel, for it is lighting the whole world. There is not a brilliant electric bulb in Tanganyika or Chungking but owes its debt to Edison. The man of a thousand inventions made none that were hurtful; he not only gave mankind light but also lightened its labors and furnished pleasant entertainment for leisure hours. Edison was a man of whom every class and brand of Americans can be proud, and toward whom the rest of the world is friendly and grateful. Where might we look for a man of whom it can be so truly said that the world is better for his having lived in it?

—Pathfinder.

PHILOSOPHY

Stand in the sunshine sweet
And treasure every ray;
Nor seek with stubborn feet
The darksome way.
Have courage! Keep good cheer!
Our longest time is brief.
To those who hold you dear,
Bring no more grief!
But cherish blisses small,
Grateful for least delight
That to your lot doth fall,
However slight.

—Celia Thaxter.

Pat was sick in a hospital ward with bronchitis. The doctor inquired:

"Do you raise anything when you cough?"

Pat looked puzzled, but shook his head. The doctor passed on down the ward. On his return Pat beckoned to him, and said:

"Doctor, I've been thinking, and every time I coughs I raises me left leg."

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. H. A. Stevens, Chairman, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Secretary, Hingham, Mass.

Miss Edith L. Jones, Treasurer, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

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1. *Letters containing subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange. Money from the Sunshine Bags is payable to the Treasurer.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Circulating Libraries have been established in isolated communities of twenty-seven States, where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available; also in many schools and colleges in rural and mountain districts. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.